



DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

“THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.”

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES PARTRIDGE, NO. 3 COURTLAND STREET—TERMS, ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM; SINGLE COPIES, THREE CENTS.

Volume I.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1852.

Number 5.

Principles of Nature.

LETTERS TO A FRIEND, On Mesmeric Phenomena.

BY A LADY.

NUMBER TWO.

My dear Friend:

You express much interest to learn all the astonishing phenomena and the most ulterior results which Mesmerism may unfold. I know that you are not so unphilosophical or so prejudiced as to reject any revelations which may throw additional light upon a subject or science, however much they may conflict with your preconceived opinions, or overturn your previous theories, but are ever ready unshrinkingly to say, “Truth, be thou in place of all to me.” Therefore, I am most eager to relate to you my last experiments.

Last evening, L— being in a very profound magnetic sleep, it occurred to me to mesmerize some of the organs, and thus make Mesmerism a test of Phrenology. Without expressing my intention, I first mesmerized the organ of Reverence. But let me here tell you, that though I can repeat to you my questions and the answers of L., I can by no description convey to you the entire, the wonderful transitions in the expression of her face, or the changed and varying tones of her voice. The look, now holy, rapt, beatific—now, hard and callous, or supercilious and self-complacent, as the different sentiments were called into action. Reverence was mesmerized—now was the look of holy, satisfied trust—

Mesmerizer. Do you believe in God?

Answer. (In a clear and almost joyous tone) —Oh, yes! and in His ever watchful providence. Ah! I love and adore Him! but no words can express these feelings.

Mes. Do you suppose that He cares for, and governs this little world?

Ans. His providence directs all things.

Mes. Are there many great and good people here?

Ans. Oh, yes! the world is full of them!

The mesmeric influence was dispersed from this organ, and its action reversed. The face assumed a cold, hard, impenetrable expression; the voice became harsh and severe—

Mes. How do you feel now?

Ans. I do not feel happy.

Mes. Do you believe there is a God?

Ans. (In a tone that *hard and grating* seem not half to express)—No!

Mes. Then how was the world made?

Ans. All chance!

Mes. How long have you thought this?

Ans. Oh! these doubts have just come; my mind is dark and confused; I can not think clearly. Oh, dear! I feel indifferent, and yet unhappy. This is a horrid state.

Mes. Do you think there are many wise and good people in the world?

Ans. Precious few!

Mes. But you love and venerate the few there are?

Ans. I feel no regard for them.

This was dispelled, and Self-Esteem mesmerized. An air of supreme complacency was immediately diffused over the features. The corners of the mouth were slightly drawn down, and the half smile, expressing the utmost self-satisfaction, was irresistible. And, occasionally, she would laugh, in such a supercilious yet self-gratulatory way, that it was perfectly infectious.

Mes. What do you think you could succeed best in doing?

Ans. I could succeed in any thing I might undertake.

Mes. But what mental accomplishment?

Ans. Oh, I could draw finely, or paint, or learn languages with facility. But in composition, I should excel.

Mes. Do you think yourself a woman of as much genius as Madam De Stael?

Ans. (With a little hesitation)—Why, no; not as much as she.

Mes. Could you write as well as Miss P—?

Ans. Oh, I should hope so. I should not use so many quaint expressions, and it would be in a different style. But I think I could quite equal her.

Mes. Do you suppose you have as much talent as any woman in Providence?

Ans. You will laugh if I tell you.

Mes. No matter, I wish to hear.

Ans. Yes, I think I have.

Mes. You have a pretty good opinion of yourself.

Ans. (With a chuckling laugh)—No better than other people have of me.

When the exaltation of this organ was dispersed and the action reversed, her countenance fell, wearing an expression of chastened gravity; and, about the mouth, one of actual sadness.

Mes. Tell me what you think of yourself, your abilities, &c.?

Ans. (Sighing despairingly)—Oh, I do not like to think of myself. I do not think I possess talent for any thing.

Mes. What do you think you are best fitted for?

Ans. Oh, to love people.

This was dispersed, and Ideality mesmerized. Her face became very bright and animated, and I, supposing the imagination would be raised so as to give an increased power of poetic description, commenced my questions without reference to any thing farther.

Mes. Will you describe Miss L's picture of the Madonna?

Ans. Oh, how beautiful it is! The expression of the mother's face so pure, so calm, so seraphic, it seems as if it might make one holy to look upon it in a bad moment. Such a look of perfect trust, in those upturned eyes! I could gaze upon it for hours without weariness.

Mes. Will you describe to me some beautiful face you know?

Ans. Whose—B's? It is intellectual, and yet so serene, so spiritual—I could not refrain from laughing at her fixing upon this face of a mutual friend.) A lady, who sat near, not hearing the name, asked me who it was. I turned to answer her, and, on turning back to L., found her face had undergone a change.

There was such an earnest, intense gaze at something beyond and far upwards, with such an expression of mingled awe, wonder, and admiration, that I said, L., what are you looking at? “Oh,” she said, in a voice so deep and solemn that it seemed hardly to come from the gentle L., “At that light, that glorious light!”

Mes. Does it look like the sun?

Ans. No.

Mes. Does it look like fire?

Ans. Oh, no! far brighter, and yet milder, than either!

Then, her face becoming actually radiant and glowing, she said,

Oh! what throngs of happy-looking beings!

There was a profound silence—and still she continued this rapturous gaze upward, as though she indeed beheld some beatific vision. “Ask her,” said a friend who stood near, “if she sees any one she knows?—if she sees Prof. —?”

Mes. Do you see Prof. — among them?

Ans. (Waiting a moment, as though trying

to discover him)—Oh, yes! I see him now; there he is.

Mes. Will you describe him to me? (I had never seen him.)

Ans. As he is now, or as he was?

Mes. As he is now.

Ans. He is much more beautiful than when on earth. All that interfered with his beauty, when here, has passed away; for he never looked entirely happy here; and now, he looks perfectly so.

Mes. Does he think of those on earth?

Ans. Yes; now he is thinking of Mrs. —; of me—he loves me still. Ah, there is sister E.; how happy she looks! She thinks often of —; she looks down on him.

Mes. Do you see any friend of mine there?

Ans. You mean Miss T.

I was, for a moment, too much dispossessed to speak; for I was indeed thinking of her—L. quickly continued—although she had never seen her, and I knew not that she had ever heard of her—

Oh, yes! how beautiful! She had a beautiful face when on earth, but now, it is even more angelic. She thinks much of you—now she is kneeling down—she bends, and is speaking to you—she is alone—now she has disappeared—I do not see her now. (Then, with a sweet, joyous smile)—Oh, what throngs of happy-looking little children—their faces all so beaming, so glad!

Mes. Have they wings?

Ans. No; yet they seem to float through the air.

Mes. Do you see any you know?

Ans. Yes; there is little — and his little brother. How beautifully they look!

Mes. What are all those little children doing?

Ans. Oh, trying to make others happy. Oh, there are more beautiful faces up farther above, nearer that light—almost in the midst of it. What heavenly music! They seem to be playing on harps—and those, yes, those have wings; they are happier than any of the others. Oh, I feel so happy in this glorious place, that I never wish to leave it. But I am not to die so soon as I thought—and, strange, you are to go first!

Mes. Am I? How soon?

Ans. In a little while.

Mes. In a week?

Ans. No.

Mes. In a month?

Ans. No.

Mes. In a year?

Ans. No.

Mes. Why, do you call that soon?

Ans. Yes; it does not appear so to you now, but years are as moments there. There is no time there.

Mes. Shall I die within three years?

Ans. I shall not tell you.

Mes. Why not?

Ans. It would not be right.

Mes. I think it right to tell me what you see. Tell me, then, if it will be within five years?

Ans. No, I shall not. It is not for you to know.

Mes. Do you think you know?

Ans. Yes, I know.

Mes. Then you will not die as you have sometimes told me you thought you should?

Ans. No. And if I stay at the North this winter, I shall not die as I had supposed.

Mes. Will it be long before you go?

Ans. No; but a short time—a few years. You will go first—you will be very ill, but for a short time, and then die.

Question by a lady put in communication—

L., do you see my little Willie? (This was one of the children she had before spoken of.)

Ans. Yes.

Q. Does he look as he used to?

A. Yes, only more happy. He is trying to sing; he remembers you; he is waiting for you. And I see the little twins, and they, too, look very happy.

She was afterward questioned about some individuals whom she could not see, and said, decidedly, they were not there.

I then made a few reverse passes. Her face was entirely changed in expression, but still she looked anxiously upward. Why, L., said I, you have come from that place; what are you now gazing at?

A. Oh, I am looking at that long, dark line of beings that are looking so earnestly toward the light.

M. Can't they reach it?

A. No; but they so long to be there!

When asked if she saw any there she knew, she mentioned, among others, those whom she did not find in the light.

M. Will they ever get to that bright and beautiful place?

A. Yes; but, oh! it will seem so very, very long to them before they do!

The influence was entirely dispersed from this organ, but she was allowed to remain in the mesmeric sleep through the night. After the family had all retired, I conversed with her for several hours. She appeared to be in the most exalted and clear of the mesmeric states. For, as you perhaps know, persons may be thrown into different stages, or states, of Mesmerism. Elliottson, I think, mentions seven. Throughout this evening she spoke in the most oracular manner, never stating a thing hypothetically, but as a solemn affirmation. She seemed endowed with supernatural insight. She told me many truths; much, in regard to myself, which was almost startlingly discriminating and accurate.

On her reverting to something which a friend said when she was in that happy place, I remarked: L., you mention what was said, did they appear to speak? “No,” she replied; “but I read their thoughts so clearly, that it seemed to me I heard them.”

I requested her to attempt to write, thinking, that, as she recollected nothing when awake which transpired in her mesmeric state, if she could see some of her own writing, executed during the sleep-waking, it would be a matter of interest and wonder to her. She was then sitting up in bed. I handed her paper and pen, and turned involuntarily, saying, I will hold the lamp. She smiled, saying, “I do not require a light to see by.” She then placed the paper on the bed-clothes before her, and dipped the pen in the small aperture of the inkstand held in my hand, as adroitly as if here eyes were open. On commencing to write, there was a little filament or hair in the pen, which made a coarse mark; this she herself perceived without my remarking upon it, picked it off, though so imperceptible, and recommenced writing. She wrote a very sweet note to an absent brother, telling him, among other things, of the happiness she had seen that night, &c. This she folded and directed. The writing was better and more even, than any one using their natural organs of vision could have executed upon that irregular surface, and in so faint a light. Indeed, you would have deemed it impossible to write at all; for there was but the dim light of a small lamp, which was placed at the farther side of a large room. After she had written another note to a friend, I requested her to remain quiet, lest she should be too much fatigued and sleep till nine o'clock in the morning. This morning, when I first met her sweet unconscious glance, and found her totally igno-

rant of all that had passed, of all the thrilling scenes of that night, it seemed to me almost impossible that the gentle being before me could be the same with the inspired and prophetic sybil of the night before.

In this relation there are two circumstances, which you will not fail to remark: first, the (to me) entirely unexpected character of her thoughts produced by the increased action of Ideality—stating facts and giving descriptions, which certainly did not coincide with my previous speculations upon those things, (and, indeed, which did not with her own belief in her waking hours,) thus proving that her thoughts were not taken from the mesmerizer's mind, as is sometimes the case; and, secondly, her determinate refusal to comply with an expressed wish, or, in fact, command of mine, showing, what is sometimes questioned, the possibility of an action of the will independent of the magnetizer. I know you will be too much interested in your inquiries and speculations upon a subject which opens so prolific a field for research and contemplation, to be wearied by these details. But I must close my long communication.

Yours, &c

Beauty Cometh from Darkness.

A FABLE.

A fair, white lily, sat upon its throne in a summer bower. When the morning came, in her golden chariot, the lily saluted her brightness with the divinest odors. The lily was beautiful to behold—it seemed the spirit of a saintly meekness and purity. The proud and humble of earth, looked upon it with equal delight, and to all it wore a tender blush, suffused with rarest fragrance. It was called the type of innocence, virtue, and humility. It was a blossom of light. But in the heart of this fair, white lily, was a seed of pride. The homage paid to its beauty made it vain among the flowers. It tossed its head, with scorn, above the gentle daisies and violets, and said to the red-lipped, virgin rose, “I am more beautiful than thou.” The soft, shining dew, crept into its heart, at night, thinking it sweet to sleep and dream on such a couch; but the lily cast it rudely aside. “I am of the day,” it said, “and will have nought to do with darkness.” On the reeds and grass the drops of shaken dew lay quivering, under the lily's scornful glance. In the morning the sun's rays caught them up to heaven, and they said, “We will not visit the proud lily again.” The days were beautiful. The skies, without cloud, poured a fiery glow over the earth. The night was beautiful. Moon and stars went on their shining courses. But where the lily sat upon its throne the air was dry and hard. The dew had forsaken the lily.—Its lips grew parched, its cheeks shriveled, and it wept, not in sorrow, but for vexation. “My beauty is fading,” was its cry. “I am athirst—the day blinds me, and the sun drinks up my life.” Then the lily saw the rose it had disdained, dewy in the morning, and fresh and beautiful. And the violets and daisies, sleeping in the grass, were lovely as ever. Then the lily saw its punishment, and besought the dew to return. But it was too late. In the darkness, as it gasped for life, the lily saw on rose and violet, soft shining eyes; eyes of the spirits of the night, which bring the nectar of heaven to the hearts of fainting flowers. They were dew drops, and it heard the zephyrs singing above them, “Behold these, too, are ministers and messengers of God, without which the flowers can not live.” Then remorse shook the heart of the lily, and, falling upon its throne, it murmured with a voice of death, “Accursed be the pride which knew not that, often, ‘Beauty cometh from darkness!’”

C. D. STUART.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

R. B. BRITTON, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED.

WHO IS INSANE?

The man who most conforms to the routine of vulgar life—to the popular modes of thought and action—is deemed of all others the most rational. To respect the conventionalisms of the time is to be a quiet and orderly citizen, and consistent withal, in the judgment of the world. No man ever has his sanity or his wisdom called in question so long as he is content to think and act and be what the mass of men always are. The vote of the unreasoning multitude determines—we mean in the vulgar apprehension—what is rational, and other men are insane so far as they are disposed to appeal from that decision. Witchcraft was always absurd and wicked, but to neglect a proper investigation of the nature of witchcraft was thought to be strictly rational, while to inflict horrible tortures and death on such as were presumed to be its victims was a pious exercise among our ancestors. To go to church on Sunday and pay liberally for the support of a spiritual religion—a faith founded on a book that is filled with every conceivable form and illustration of spiritual power and intercourse—is eminently rational; but to exhibit any *real* faith in the existing possibility of such spiritual manifestations, or of spiritual phenomena at all, is sufficient to excite the suspicion that the believer is either a knave or a fool if he is not insane. Men openly and boldly profess to have and to enjoy direct communion with high Heaven—every christian minister does this in his prayers—and this is not only fashionable, but *reasonable* and religious; but to prefer the humbler claim to an intercourse with subordinate intelligences—natures infinitely inferior, to assert the presence of some spirit-friend to whom we are linked by the laws of a common nature, by undying human sympathies and the eternal affinities of our spiritual being, is treated as an unmitigated absurdity; and yet, to determine what and who are most rational it would be necessary first, to ascertain how far the popular standard conforms to the rules of reason.

No class of men in society, whose freedom is deemed compatible with the public safety, present a more questionable claim to sanity than the great multitude who are ever engaged in hot pursuit of wealth and worldly power. Every art and device which the most sordid and senseless avarice can invent is employed to secure mere outward and material interests. If, indeed, there is one species of insanity more obvious and more degrading to the soul than all others, an abandonment of reason that is supremely deplorable in its present and its ultimate results, it is this. Look out into the great avenues of life and through all the channels of business. The gilded Image visits men in their dreams; it even inspires their prayers; it adorns the outward life, making it comely to look upon, while it deforms the inward being; the body it clothes in costly fabrics and leaves the soul naked or in rags; everywhere the restless thousands are madly pursuing the glittering phantom, and grasping, even in life's last feverish hour, the fading shadow. If such men are sane few we apprehend will hesitate to vouch for the rest of mankind. And yet men of this description are the self-appointed judges of what is rational and what is spiritual too. Before this tribunal the intrinsic credibility of the manifestations and the absolute results of human experience, in a wholly different plane of life, are determined, without so much as an appeal to facts or a single hour's reflection.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.

We attended the last grand concert given at Metropolitan Hall, on the evening of May 27th, by the great Norwegian, OLE BULL. While we make no great pretensions to musical criticism, we can not omit to express the intense pleasure we experienced on the occasion referred to. The whole was characterized by a high order of talent. The careful discipline and superior skill of the Germania Musical Society, and the masterly performance of MR. ALFRED JAEHL, elicited frequent expressions of applause.

It is objected by certain critics that OLE BULL is, in some respects, deficient in Art. This is not, however, a necessary inference from his occasional neglect of what others may deem requisite to artistic precision. If the perfection of art be admitted to consist in the assemblage and harmonious distribution of such forms and qualities as embody the soul's highest ideal of beauty, there can surely be no standard above the refined taste of the most gifted artist. OLE BULL may disregard ordinary rules, not because he is unequal to the task of their critical ob-

servance, but for the reason that he is superior to the necessity which dictates such rules. The laws prescribed by art are of human ordination, and can not be superior to the spirit of Inspiration itself. Men of common minds may not hope to attain a higher excellence, than what consists in a strict conformity to the accredited laws of musical composition and execution; but Ole Bull, in his inspired moments, rises superior to these and becomes obedient to that higher law which governs the noblest efforts of creative genius. Nor is he less an artist on this account, since it demands the most consummate art to disregard the requirements of the schools, and in so doing to achieve a more perfect mastery over the cultivated taste and enlightened judgment. A sort of mechanical accuracy is not, in our apprehension, the highest conceivable excellence. Arbitrary rules and artistic guides are important to men of ordinary gifts, but Inspiration requires no such earthly aids, and it knows no law above the Spirit that animates its immortal creations. Herein consists the true distinction between OLE BULL and the critics who complain of his want of artistic precision.

Popular Materialism.

Correspondence of the Telegraph.

[The following communication emanates from a highly intelligent source, and is not less interesting or acceptable on account of the friendly strictures it contains. We trust the writer will always exercise a similar freedom, whenever necessity or inclination may even seem to require. Our remarks follow the article of our correspondent.—Ed.]

"Prophet and bard, thou gazeest forth;
Lifting the Future's solemn veil;
The reaching of a mortal hand
To put aside the cold and pale
Cloud-curtains of the Unseen Land;
In thoughts which answer to my own,
In words which reach my inward ear,
Like whispers from the void Unknown,
I feel thy living presence here."

WHITTIER.

In an article in the second number of your paper, headed "Popular Materialism," you express the conviction, that the living spirit of the Christian faith has declined, and nearly lost its hold on the human mind and affections. No wonder you speak of this as an unwelcome conviction, especially when you regard as lost, too, "that faith which filled the ancient Church with the manifestations of spiritual presence and power." The extinction of a living faith among men, the decay of that vital principle, out of which spring all the forms of beauty and the deeds of goodness; it is not strange that such a catastrophe should call forth the deepest regret from the hearts of sincere men, and if needs be, that they should attempt another crusade to the Holy Land, that the lost treasure might be restored to our Zion.

But such fears as are expressed in the article alluded to, are groundless, and, upon reflection, I think we shall find, that the language there used was not intended to be received literally. We must regard it as a figure of speech, when we hear faith in the invisible and eternal, in God, and in man's high destiny, spoken of, as *dead or sleeping*.

It is in the exercise of the rhetorician's privilege, that we read of the "faithlessness of men in the great vital principles of the Christian religion," and of its "chief claims being virtually disputed." That it exerts too "feeble an influence over the lives and conduct of men is manifest," but that, according to the language of your article, when Christ cometh, he will find *no* faith on the earth, "the two pale sweet angels, Faith and Hope," whisper, "It is not so."

And not only does the voice of cherubim and seraphim attest to the presence of a purifying and operative faith among men, but we all realize its force in the midst of us. The blind are made to see, the dead are raised, the lepers are cleansed, the lame walk, to the poor the gospel is preached, and to the inmate of the lowly hut of servitude, liberty is proclaimed. And even from our humble position, as we take a bird's eye glance over the world, there rises majestically before us, many a glorious institution of learning and religion, on whose walls it is written, "peace on earth, good will to men," and through whose lofty arches the light of heaven streams, a never setting brightness.

But let me return from my wanderings to the words of your text. You came to this "unwelcome conviction," this dread reality, "by the nature of the opposition from the Church and the world, to Spiritualism," as it is manifested in this recent development.

Now, may it not be that this opposition is not directed to the *Spiritualism* of these manifestations, but rather to those features in them to which you alluded in the last number of the *Shekinah*, thus: "No rational believer needs to be told, that these singular manifestations are associated with much that does not accord with the just demands of a cultivated taste and enlightened understanding. These imperfect manifestations may be altogether earthly, or they may be dim, distorted, and spectral shadows of divine thoughts, broken and confused by contact with the base elements and inharmonious condi-

tions of earth." Why, then, may not the church and the world, as well as the "rational believer" in these manifestations, see in them at least a mixture of the earthly with the spiritual, and find themselves listening to a broken, confused and inharmonious voice, though some of its notes may have been struck by a spirit's touch. And why should it savor of unbelief, and should be said that the star of hope was on the decline in that man's mind, because he stands still at the door of this wonderful phenomenon, and knocks asking for admittance, that the awful mystery may be revealed to him, rather than professing to "know all mysteries," and all knowledge, both on earth and in heaven?

But as I again refer to your article, I find that you do not look upon the church as occupying a neutral position, or even that of *inquiry* after the truth of the subject. You speak of it as demanding "an unequivocal denial of the revelations and miracles which are demonstrated to our senses and our souls, in the stirring events of To-day."

And must not this language, like that already commented upon, be received with some modification? Do you mean that the church openly demands of her subjects, a denial of any thing which comes to them as a voice from the Spirit-land? If so, she closes their ears to that encouraging voice which says, "the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God," words which are heard by the ear of faith, whenever a victory is achieved over "the sins which so easily beset us."

O, no; rent asunder as the church may be, by many a dark spirit; gone astray as she may have, from "the faith once delivered to the saints;" veiled by sin, as she often is, from the light of life; in this age of the world, she can not have taken such a responsibility upon herself, and proclaimed to all her followers, "Touch it not, for it is unclean;" but rather does she say from all her high places, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good." And this, it seems to me, should be the language, not only of the church, but of the world, in view of the subject before us, and all that are presented to our consideration.

Then, there can be no danger in our receiving or rejecting any recent development of spiritual intercourse, as the only care should be to use all the power given us, in proving all things, not forgetting to hold fast that which is good.

H. B.

REMARKS.—We conceded, in our observations on Popular Materialism, that those who opposed the claims of the manifestations from an honest conviction that the evidence was and is insufficient to establish their spirituality, were not obnoxious to the suspicion of entertaining views inconsistent with the spiritual nature and claims of Christianity. To none of this class, therefore, were our remarks intended to apply. We believe there are numerous, honorable exceptions, and we are most happy to know and to acknowledge, that among them our esteemed correspondent evinces a degree of candor which commands our admiration. It would, moreover, afford us the highest satisfaction to be able to modify the language employed in the article referred to, but with the proofs before us it is still difficult to resist the conviction, unwelcome as it is, that facts do but warrant a too *literal* construction.

That the early believers in Christ were distinguished for the exercise of certain remarkable powers—often referred to in the New Testament as the gifts of the Spirit—is everywhere believed among Christians, while the idea that these spiritual endowments still remain, as the seal and attestation of Christian discipleship, is almost as universally rejected. Is it not boldly assumed that the power to "discern spirits," to "speak in unknown tongues," to "heal the sick by the laying on of hands," etc., was restricted to the primitive disciples, and that we may no longer expect similar displays of spiritual power and power? And is it not on this ground, chiefly, that the presumption is so widely entertained that the alleged spiritual manifestations are *intrinsically incredible*. But did not the Master sanction a different view of the subject when he affirmed, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater than these shall he do, because I go to my Father." Did not Paul entertain the idea that similar spiritual gifts were intended to be perpetual, when he said, "The manifestation of the Spirit is given to EVERY MAN to profit with all?" Do not the very laws of the human mind warrant the supposition that if such powers were once exercised by mortals, they may be exercised again? And are there no present facts, established by the most reliable human testimony, to demonstrate the actual existence and unmistakable exercise of this power? We suggest these interrogatories for others as well as our correspondent. We may grant that the "spiritual gifts," so often referred to in the New Testament, were *mainly* confined to the early believers, but with this admission we must couple the remembrance that numerous errors and corruptions crept into the primitive Church,

* John xiv, 12. † 1 Cor. xii.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"THE STUDY OF WORDS," by Richard Chenevix Trench, B. D. Vicar of St. Ives, Hants; Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Oxford; and Professor of Divinity, King's College, London: J. R. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York.

If we stop, but for a single moment, to consider the nature and mission of Language, we shall be profoundly impressed with the consciousness of its intrinsic importance, and of its intimate relation to the noblest human enterprises. In Language the treasures of human knowledge are chiefly preserved. The discoveries of science; the achievements of art; all human feeling, and purpose, and action; our silent emotions—the tender as well as the terrible; every thought that hath vitality in itself; every deed that is sanctioned by the soul—all, all may be registered here; and, perchance, live on for all time. Here the elements of all human history are rendered accessible. The divine thoughts of ancient Prophets and Seers are incarnated in language; and their speech, like a perpetual inspiration, yet falls sun-like on the kindling souls of men.

Great thoughts may survive, for a time, in the individual memory, and noble deeds may live in the sculptured marble. There is a history of human thought and endeavor—eloquent and impressive indeed—in the monuments that are scattered over the surface of the earth, or concealed in its bosom. The classic traveler bows amid the ruins of Grecian and Roman temples and palaces, to invoke the spirit of Genius; but marble memorials are perishable, and the pulchre of these are fast crumbling away. Yet the humble student in some remote part of the world yet feels, in all its freshness, the inspiration of her poets and orators, and rejoices that among the monuments of Rome, her LANGUAGE, at least, is immortal.

A thorough knowledge of Language is justly esteemed a great accomplishment. It affords a constant pleasure to its possessor, and a delightful entertainment to others; and among the aids to its acquisition, we most cordially recommend the work before us. The treatise is in Six Lectures, originally prepared by the author for the exclusive benefit of his pupils.—We thank him and J. R. Redfield, for presenting it to us and to the world, in its present form. The author's style is agreeable, the subject matter of his work is interesting and valuable in a high degree; and while this book will greatly assist the student in Etymology, it can not fail to charm and instruct the ordinary reader.

NEW-YORK CONFERENCE,

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

Friday Evening, May 22, 1852.

Present, F. F. Cary, H. H. Hall, T. Vail, H. C. Billings, C. R. Muhel, W. Fishbough, P. L. Demarest, W. Sager, T. R. Tompkins, John T. Philpotts, J. A. Thurber, L. Clark, J. N. Stebbins, John White, Z. E. Hyde, Geo. Freeman, Dr. H. E. Schoonmaker, Dr. Reh, Jas. H. Allen, John T. S. Smith, R. K. Beach, W. P. Taylor, John J. Haley, Geo. T. Robinson, Chas. Partridge, Dr. John F. Gray, Dr. R. T. Hallock, and twelve others.

Mr. Cary presented a communication, given to a circle on the 20th inst. The tenor of it would go to show that crime could be disclosed by the spirits and the dark deeds of men brought to light. The article accused, anonymously, of murder, and asserted that if published it would be understood.

It was read, and elicited much conversation as to the propriety of its reception, as a part of the transactions of the Conference, or of its publication in any form.

Mr. Cary thinks we should comply with the request to publish it; first, because it is a spiritual request, and second, because it would be the means of preventing crime, by the certainty of its detection. He did not feel at liberty to disregard the earnest request of the spirits; he thought they were better judges than we are, of what would do the most good to mankind. This communication was evidently intended to prevent the commission of such sins. When those who had the desire to do so, became aware that, however secretly they might perpetrate a wicked deed, it could be disclosed from the spiritual world, their fears would restrain them, and thus much evil would be prevented.

There were several who coincided with Mr. C., in his views of the subject. It was the opinion of others, that it should not be published. It made no specific charge against any person, by name, and if published would lead to much unprofitable speculation, as to who was the guilty party, &c., &c. It was also supposed by some to be more consonant with higher intelligences to prevent evil, by removing the desire to commit it, rather than by exciting a fear of its detection.

The subject occupied the entire evening, and was discussed in a friendly spirit. The communication was withdrawn, and the conference adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

DIED.

In Marlborough (Feltonville,) on the 6th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Mary A. Maynard, wife of Mr. Lewis Maynard, in the 34th year of her age.

Mrs. Maynard was a devoted Practical Christian Reformer, Progressive and Spiritualist. Her life and conversation from early womanhood has been a continuous growth in divine grace, knowledge and righteousness. She has exemplified her piety and humanity, her faith, hope and charity, at home and abroad under all circumstances, by a living testimony which sanctifies her memory, and enshrines it with blessings. Besides her husband, adopted daughter, brothers, sisters, numerous relatives and personal friends, to whom she was specially dear, many Reformers, Progressives and incidental acquaintances up and down the land, will sympathize in this bereavement. But her farewell injunction to them all was:—*Shed no tears for me; rejoice at my liberation from mortal corruption and suffering. Let my worn out body be laid cheerfully in the dust. I go to dwell with kindred spirits in the bliss of immortality.* She had her reason to the last, and departed to the Spirit-home with such serenity, joy and triumph as few are permitted to experience.

She had been a Seeress of spirits for several months before her decease. Some two days previous to her liberation, the spirit of her mother appeared and informed her correctly when the event would occur.

A. B.

Several notices of books are crowded out.

Practical Christian.

SPRIT-LAND.

"The Spirit's life."

CORRESPONDENCE.

MILWAUKEE, May 23, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—Tradition, written and oral, has recorded upon the minds of the great mass of mankind, a belief, vague and undefined, in the spiritual existence of man, after the rudimentary body returns to dust; and also, that such spirits have, at different periods of the world's history, been permitted, in some way, to make themselves known to their friends on the earth. The materialist and the exclusively worldly man, may ridicule and deny the whole as a popular delusion, and learnedly endeavor to explain the phenomena as referable to some abnormal or morbid condition of the mind; but they have thus far failed to eradicate the impression, so inwrought in our very natures; and the opinion is now rapidly gaining ground, that our friends, after their exit from the body, do, in various ways, impress our minds with a consciousness of their existence and lively interest in our welfare.

Mesmerism, so-called, in all its phases, has tended to confirm the impression, and caused it to become a tangible thing—almost a demonstration. The writer has, in various ways, and under a variety of circumstances, for the past ten years, been permitted to witness some very interesting developments, resulting from the mesmeric condition, which have had the effect of fully establishing a belief in the immortality of the soul, and its power to convey back to the inhabitants of earth its thoughts and impressions. I do not wish to be understood that those thoughts and impressions, purporting so to originate, are always reliable or truthful—on the contrary, I believe they are often the mere illusions of an over-wrought and morbid mental condition; but still, I claim that by careful scrutiny and observation, the real and spurious may be distinguished, the one from the other.

Some time since, it was my pleasure to listen to, and committed to paper, word for word, the following communication, purporting to be from the spirit of a young man, who died about two years since, in California, to his mother, who is still living upon the earth. It was communicated through the medium of a good clairvoyant, who delivered it in a clear and impressive manner, so much so, that I think I did not lose an important idea or word.

"Dear Mother: Although I was not permitted to breathe my last in your presence—to have you smooth my pillow, and to receive your parting blessing, when I felt the agonies of death; yet, O, how I wished to see you! With what power my physical system put forth its energies to retain the spirit! How my mind was filled with dark forebodings, with the uncertainty of the future before me! Every thought and wicked action of my past life seemed to rise before me, and blocked up every hope of being admitted into heaven. But the struggle soon ceased, and for a few moments I was unconscious of anything. Then I awoke; and who do you think I saw? Two of my dear sisters. I could not realize where I was. I tried to approach them. I thought I had slept, and my brain was turned, that I could not see aright. But this delusion soon passed away; my sisters approached me, and came nearer and nearer. Gradually my former life rose like a cloud before my eyes, and for a short period of time, even in presence of my sisters, I was in despair; I saw millions of spirits, and thought they could see all I had ever done; I felt myself condemned. By degrees the scene faded away; then with new beauty my sisters approached me and smiled; and then I saw that I had passed the valley and shadow of death. They then showed me my body. With what pleasure I looked upon it—that it was merely clay, and that I was released from it. Dear Mother, the mortal body is as a covering—it is not the MAN! It is like the shell of the butterfly—how bright it is when it escapes its rough tenement! So it is with the Spirit. I very soon became accustomed to breathe the pure, ethereal air. I found my new spiritual lungs so capable of inhaling this pure atmosphere—and with such ease could I comprehend and receive the impressions of those angel-spirits—my sisters! After I had become perfectly conscious that my spirit had left the body, and all I have told you had passed, they beckoned me away, and we arose and ascended through your atmosphere to this pure, angel-abode. Now I am permitted to descend sufficiently near your earth to see you—to know your sorrows and cares. I wish to impress upon your mind the loveliness, the truthfulness and the purity of the Spirit-Home! One of my sisters is in the same circle with me, and Oh, what joy and pleasure we have in receiving impressions from the higher and ministering to the lower. Dear Mother, you will soon come where we are, and I shall be permitted to accompany you to this celestial land!"

Yours, &c.

JAMES P. GREVES.

THE GREAT HARMONIA.

We may as well announce in this connection, that the third volume of this work, by Andrew Jackson Davis, is now published. It is entitled the SEVEN, and is devoted to a discussion of the Seven Mental States. Want of time and space preclude a more extended notice in this connection, but we doubt not the numerous readers of Mr. Davis' works will find this the most interesting volume in the series. We are indebted, proximately, to Fowlers and Wells for a copy, from which we extract the following:

MAN'S SOMNAMBULIC STATE.

Some individuals are natural somnambulists; others are capable of it only while under the magnetic influence. And yet it matters not how the interior senses are opened, because the manifestations are the same as a general principle. While in this state, the patient performs things, of which he is absolutely incapable when in his ordinary condition. He frequently exposes himself fearlessly to dangers from which he would otherwise shrink with terror. He reads, writes, sings, plays, thinks, reflects, reasons, and performs a variety of the most delicate operations—both intellectual and mechanical—not only as if he had the complete use of all his corporeal senses, but as if the power, acuteness, and delicacy of his natural faculties were actually increased—which is the fact—in consequence of being emancipated from their organic thralldom.

The following interesting account originally appeared in the Manchester (England) Courier, and has been extensively copied in the public journals of this country as entitled to unreserved credence. It presents, in a high degree of perfection, a phenomenon which in its general features is constantly occurring, and which may be witnessed by any one who will take the pains to institute the proper experiments on subjects duly susceptible. The explanation of the phenomenon given by Mr. Braid, as mentioned in the two closing paragraphs of the extract, does not appear satisfactory.

"On the 3d inst. Mad'le Jenny Lind, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe, and a few of their friends, attended a seance at Mr. Braid's for the purpose of witnessing some of the extraordinary phenomena of hypnotism. There were two girls who work in a warehouse, and who had just come in in their working attire. Having thrown them into the sleep, Mr. Braid sat down to the piano, and the moment he began playing both somnambulists approached and joined him in singing a trio. Having awakened one of the girls, Mr. Braid made a most startling announcement regarding the one who was still in the sleep. He said, although ignorant of the grammar of her own language when awake, when in the sleep she could accompany any one in the room in singing songs in any language, giving both notes and words correctly—a feat which she was quite incompetent to perform in the waking condition. Mr. B. requested any one in the room to put her to the test, when Mr. Schwabe played and sang a German song, in which she accompanied him correctly, giving both notes and words simultaneously with Mr. Schwabe.

"Another gentleman then tried her with one in Swedish, in which she also succeeded. Next, Jenny Lind played and sang a slow air, with Swedish words, in which the somnambulist accompanied her in the most perfect manner both as regarded words and music. Jenny now seemed resolved to test the powers of the somnambulist to the utmost by a continued strain of the most difficult roudades and cadenzas, including some of her extraordinary sostenuto notes, with all their inflections from *pianissimo* to *forte* crescendo, and again diminished to thread-like pianissimo, but in all these fantastic tricks and displays of genius by the Swedish Nightingale, even to the shake, she was so closely and accurately tracked by the somnambulist that several in the room occasionally could not have told, merely by hearing, that there were two individuals singing—so instantaneously did she catch the notes and so perfectly did their voices blend and accord.

"Next, Jenny having been told by Mr. Braid that she might be tested by some other language, commenced 'Casta Diva,' in which the fidelity of the somnambulist's performance, both in words and music, fully justified all that Mr. Braid had alleged regarding her powers. The girl has naturally a good voice, and has had a little musical instruction in some of the 'Music for the Million' classes, but is quite incompetent of doing any such feat in the waking condition, either as regards singing the notes or speaking the words with the accuracy she did when in the somnambulist state. She was also tested by Mad'le Lind in merely imitating language, when she gave most exact imitations; and Mr. Schwabe also tried her by some difficult combinations of sound, which he said he knew no one was capable of imitating correctly without much practice, but the somnambulist imitated them correctly at once, and that whether spoken slowly or quickly.

"When the girl was aroused, she had no recollection of anything which had been done by her, or that she had afforded such high gratification to all present. She said she merely felt somewhat out of breath, as if she had been run-

ning. Mr. Braid attributes all this merely to the extraordinary exaltation of the sense of hearing, and the muscular sense at a certain stage of the sleep, together with the abstracted state of the mind, which enables the patients to concentrate their undivided attention to the subject in hand, together with entire confidence in their own powers.

"By this means, he says, they can appreciate nice shades of difference in sound, which would wholly escape their observation in the ordinary condition, and the vocal organs are correspondingly more under control, owing to the exalted state of the muscular sense, and the concentrated attention and confidence in their own powers with which he endeavors to inspire them, enables them to turn these exalted senses to the best advantage. It is no gift of intuition, as they do not understand the meaning of the words they utter; but it is a wonderful example of the extraordinary powers of imitating sounds at a certain stage of somnambulism. And wonderful enough it most assuredly is."

In almost all such cases the external eyes of the somnambule are either exactly closed, or else open and staring—destitute of expression and sensibility; and "from the decisive experiments that were made," says a French physician, "in a great variety of instances, it appears clearly to be made out, that the faculty of sight neither was, nor could possibly have been, exercised through the medium of the usual organs of vision." All the other senses—hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, &c.—are generally dormant or entirely suspended. The somnambule is also capable of answering distinctly any questions, of a terrestrial character, which may be put to him, and, occasionally, of sustaining a rational conversation. "One of the most remarkable characteristic circumstances attending this singular state of existence, and which is also found invariably accompanying the clairvoyant state," says a writer, "is this: on awaking, the individual who had thus insensibly performed all these astonishing operations, retains no recollection of any thing that occurred while he was under the magnetic influence." Cases of natural or magnetic somnambulism have become so common that it is deemed unnecessary to furnish any special instances. Hundreds could be quoted; but almost every family knows, experimentally, something of the state, and much of its symptomatic peculiarities.

Apparent death is not always accompanied by a suspension of consciousness, for in some cases the mental faculties have been engaged in an exalted manner, a singular and well authenticated instance of which is related in the Psychological Magazine. "A young lady, after lying ill some time, to all appearance died. She was laid in her coffin, and the day of the funeral was fixed. When the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed down, a perspiration was observed on the body; life soon after appeared; at length she opened her eyes and uttered a most pitiable shriek. She said it seemed to her, as if in a dream, that she was really dead; yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking, and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on the dead-clothing, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable; she tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, or to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height, when the funeral hymns began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the one that gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame."

It has been asserted by several very honest persons, that they have experienced a consciousness of being out of the body.

Perhaps the clearest and most positive testimony to the fact, is that given by Dr. Adam Clarke, the learned Wesleyan, who, when relating his recovery from drowning, stated to Dr. Lettson, that during the period of his apparent unconsciousness, he felt a new kind of life. These are his words:—"All my views and ideas seemed instantly and entirely changed, and I had sensations of the most perfect felicity that it is possible, independently of rapture, for the human mind to feel. I had no pain from the moment I was submerged; a kind of green color became visible to me; a multitude of objects were seen, not one of which, however, bore the least analogy to any thing I had ever beheld before." When preaching in aid of the Humane Society, at the City-road Chapel, in London, he said, 'I was submerged a sufficiently long time, according to my apprehensions, and the knowledge I now have of physiology, for me to have been so completely dead as never more to exist in this world, had it not been for that Providence which, as it were, once more breathed into me the breath of this life.'

It has been my impression to furnish you the rationale of this incipient manifestation of the interior senses of the mind, concerning which you will each know more when you are raised in a spiritual body to the corresponding world beyond us.

A subject which takes our affections into its strong embrace, and empowers the reasoning faculties with a fresh proclivity to probe the deep depths of truth, must be approached and fostered with a religious reverence. When you approach it, I admonish you to trifle not, but take off your shoes, for it is holy ground. It refers to our deepest vitality. It touches gently the finest feelings of the mind, and throws a deep magnificence and a grand beauty over the whole arcana of our future destiny! The double nature of man is proved to a demonstration. The external man corresponds to the internal man. And the eyes of the mind put on the material organs in order to see the external world. But magnetism, like an angel from the sphere of knowledge, plays upon the material sense—bids the living principle to go within—shuts the outer doors of the temple—locks the sentinels in the depths of sleep; and touches the spirit of wisdom in the soul, and, lo! the secrets of Nature are revealed, and the human mind is illuminated with light reflected from a world of new realities.

Human magnetism is not forced to rely on any one solitary and partial claim to notice and consideration. Its roots are running far beneath, and extensively throughout, the general ground of humanity. It holds the tendrils of many hearts in its power. And the noblest theories are forced to do homage to this new science, because its light is greater and more positive. It invests the temple of Nature with a new significance. It brings the planets nearer, and begets a friendship within us for their beautiful inhabitants. Beautiful and grand realities are being disclosed to us from the granite sides of creation, which were formerly prison-houses and the hiding-places of innumerable mysteries; and the black clouds that have for ages concealed from our vision the sweet joys which pertain to our future, are penetrated and removed from off the firmament's face which now smiles upon us like a new-born babe! "We stand," says a celebrated German physician, "before the dawning of a new day for science and humanity,—a new discovery awaits us, far surpassing any that has been hitherto made, which promises to afford us a key to some of the most recondite secrets of Nature, and to open up to our view a new world." In the simple phenomena of ordinary somnambulism we behold the glimmerings of a spiritual reality—the incipient manifestation of a higher power. For, even so, in the bud we see indications of the coming flower; in the child the future man; in the man the angel, which is tending progressively toward higher and happier destinations!

Telegraphic Signals by a Spirit.

Friend Elmer proposes to give us a number of facts which have contributed to establish his faith in Spiritual Manifestations. He is careful in his observations and rigidly rational in his views, and wherever he is known needs no one to vouch for the strict fidelity of his statements.

FACTS—NUMBER ONE.

Friend Brittan—

Having for the last two years embraced every occasion—and my opportunities have been very numerous—to satisfy myself as to the reality of the alleged Spiritual Manifestations, and being now able, from having witnessed many hundred demonstrations, to answer the ancient question, "If a man die shall he live again?" in the affirmative, I propose to offer you occasionally a sample of the facts which occur in this place, trusting that they may assist to establish a similar faith in others.

A short time since one of our most estimable and reliable citizens who is a Telegraphic operator, went into a room where a circle was formed and receiving communications from spirits. The circle being full he took a seat some distance from the table, and while those around the table were receiving answers to their questions, he mentally inquired if a recently deceased friend, whom he had formerly learned the art of telegraphing was present, when, unexpectedly, and to his great surprise, the telegraphic signal for Springfield was given by raps on the table! The sounds not being understood by the members of the circle, they inquired what it meant but got no answer. My friend then thinking that possibly the sounds which constituted the signal might have been accidental, or that it was a mere coincidence, mentally inquired if it was really his spirit-friend, when the same signal was repeated several times. Still, not being entirely satisfied, he silently, and unknown to all present, asked for further demonstrations, when to his utter astonishment the telegraphic signals were made for Hartford, New-York, and Providence!

No other person present knew what these signals were, and no one being in contact with the table on which the signals were given, I submit the following query, viz: If the above

fact does not prove that the living spirit survives the outward bodily garment with which it is clothed, and that where appropriate conditions exist it can demonstrate its personal identity, what can? More anon.

RUFUS ELMER.

Springfield, May 31, 1852.

Supernatural Causes.

A "set sermon," on the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, was delivered at the Methodist church of this place, on the night of Sunday, the 18th ult. In that sermon we were told that every other possible cause should be given for any extraordinary effect, before we attribute it to supernatural agency. The proposition is a good and sensible one, and the application of which we would extend to the preacher himself as well as the hearer.

Some men have a natural desire and ardent longing for distinction as public speakers and strong debaters—hence they seek out a field for their peculiar talent. Some select the law, some the stage, others the chair of a lecturing room; but we never yet heard a man acknowledge to having selected the pulpit. Why is it? They all say that they are called of God for that special work by peculiar and unmistakable promptings of the Spirit. Now, the point we make is this: Would it not be a very safe doubt to indulge, if we suppose that many men who officiate in pulpits, might find a much more natural and probable cause of the fact, in a certain arrangement, phenologically, of the organs, instead of a direct call from the God of heaven? For instance, where a man has large self-esteem, full veneration, reasonable love of approbation, and a fondness for ease and the dainties of life, it may be suspected that a very small influence of the Spirit would be sufficient. It is, as we were told, much the safer plan to attribute some things to natural causes, than supernatural, else it would puzzle sectarians considerably, to reconcile the doctrine of free grace with election—of falling from grace, and the opposite, &c., &c.

These thoughts were rapidly passing through our mind at that moment, particularly when we thought of the difference in doctrine taught by four different preachers then in the pulpit. It did seem strange to us if the good Lord had need of such varied interpreters. It is to us mystery yet.

However, in the language of our correspondent, TOLERATION, "the Church, which has succeeded to the Synagogue, and is endowed with the like infallibility, has decided this point of controversy; the learned should keep silence when the church speaks!"—Ripley (O.) Herald.

Spiritually Dictated Communication.

The following article, as here printed, was written at a sitting on the 3d of April last. A large number were present, when one asked the spirit then communicating (which purported to be that of a recently deceased eminent divine) to explain that passage of Scripture—"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the wise." The answer was given without hesitation, and written during continual conversation among the circle, and as fast as the pencil could pass over the paper, without pause:

"And it is a very plain thing to be understood. The weak things of this world are more so from name and association, than in fact.—With some it is counted weakness to be poor in the things of the world—with others it is counted for weakness to be humble and retiring. But the weaker of the two is the one who so thinks and acts. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise.' They are pure, and yield to the impulses of right, and good promptings without deceit, and willingly. But of those who are wise in their own conceit (and how many such there are!) even if they are chosen to fulfil any special purpose of God, they are prone to take pride in it as some extraordinary power originating within themselves. And they reduce the acts of the Almighty to a level with the extent of their own meager abilities. But on the other hand, look at the countless instances of the poor and the humble, the weak and uninfluential, being chosen to fulfil the great and wise purposes of God. David was selected from the duties of the sheep-fold to the dignity and power of the greatest earthly king. The Apostles were poor men—fishermen, mechanics, &c. They were the chosen instruments, the weak and foolish, selected to confound the mighty, the wise, the valiant in war and famed in letters.

When a Continent was to be discovered, it was Christopher Columbus who was the honored of God to make the discovery. So it was with the great inventions of the world. The weak have confounded, overthrown and demolished the wisdom of the self-thought great and wise, who in their arrogance hardly halted at calling themselves equal with God.

Then you, who are willing to be counted the weaker, and humbler, and acknowledge your ignorance in the things you know nothing of, take courage from many examples. 'Blessed are the meek in spirit'—God will remember them!"—J.B.

Miscellaneous Department.

From the N. Y. Tribune.
NILOTIC DRINKING-SONG.
BY RAYARD TAYLOR.

You may water your bays, brother poets, with lays
That brighten the cup from the stream you doat on;
By the Schuylkill's side, or Cochituate's tide,
Or the crystal lymph of the mountain Croton:
(We may pledge from these,
In our summer ease,
Nor even Anacreon's shade revile us;) But I, from the flood
Of his own brown blood,
Will drink to the glory of ancient Nilus!

Cloud never gave birth, nor cradle the Earth,
To river so grand and fair as this is—
Not the waves that roll us the gold of Paeonius,
Nor cool Cephissus, nor classic Ilissus:
The lily may dip
Her ivory lip
To kiss the ripples of clear Eurotas,
But the Nile brings balm
From the myrrh and palm,
And the ripe voluptuous lips of the lotus.

The waves that ride on his mighty tide
Were poured from the urns of unvisited mountains,
And their sweets of the South mingle cool in the mouth
With the freshness and sparkle of Northern fount-
Again and again [ains.
The goblet we drain,—
Diviner a stream never Nereid swam on;
For Isis and Orus
Have quaffed before us,
And Ganymede dipped it for Jupiter Ammon!

Its blessing he pours o'er his thirsty shores,
And floods the regions of Sleep and Silence,
When he makes oases in desert places,
And the plain is a sea, the hills are islands.
And had I the brave
Anacreon's stave,
And lips like the honeyed lips of Hylas,
I'd dip from his brink
My bacchanal drink,
And sing for the glory of ancient Nilus!
On the Nile, Ethiopia, Jan. 9, 1852.

Homes for All.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Should some Oriental philosopher or sage, imper-
fectly acquainted with our language and laws, happen
to visit our country about this time, and drop into
Washington to watch for a few days the deliberations
of Congress, he would inevitably suppose that the bill
nominally before the House for the greater portion of
the last month, and still undisposed of, is one of trifling
consequence, and at best but abstractly and distant-
ly related to popular wants or the public welfare.
If he judged by the respect paid to it by the House
itself, he could not suppose it other than a proposal
for scientific exploration of the mountains of the Moon,
or for the establishment of a National Bureau of En-
tomology. Very few of the Members who pretend to
speak of it ever allude to it, but each devotes his hour
to the duty far more interesting (to himself) of defin-
ing his position, puffing his favorite Presidential aspi-
rant, discussing the doings of the late Whig Congres-
sional caucus, or rowing up General Scott for not
writing electioneering letters. What must be that
sage's astonishment when informed that the bill thus
slurred over by the Honorables who pretend to dis-
cuss it, is one proposing to allow every landless person
in the Union to choose for himself a piece of wild land
from our almost limitless unappropriated Public Do-
main, and to make himself a Home thereon, where he
may henceforth dwell securely under his own roof,
without fear of being again an outcast and a wanderer!
Must not our visitor imbibe a high estimate of the
good nature of the People who permit their chosen
servants thus to trifle with their dearest interests,
their most precious rights?

HOUSES FOR ALL!—beneficent, inspiring idea! Ev-
ery bird, every beast, has a home, which he inhabits
and enjoys without apprehension of ejection or de-
privation, at least by his own species. Man alone
erects houses for others to inhabit, and gathers pro-
ducts for others to appropriate and enjoy. And is not
the time at hand when every free citizen of this proud
Republic shall have his own home if he will? We
have land enough, which no man yet claims, yet which
speculators are grasping by thousands of acres: Why
not set it apart for allotment, in limited areas, to our
ever-increasing Millions who own no Homes? What
other use could contribute half so much as this to the
growth and greatness of our whole Country?

We know it is said that the Old States have rights
of property in the Public Domain—that the Nation
has a just claim to revenue therefrom—and that our
older States would continue to overflow with landless
people in spite of free lands at the West. We admit
—nay, insist on—the rights of the old States; but we
contend that the policy which will fill the new States
soonest with a compactly settled and industrious yeo-
manry, is that which best accords with the interests of
the Old Thirteen. It will crowd our work-shops with
orders, our Canals and Railroads with freight, while
draining off our redundant thousands and providing
our more adventurous sons and daughters with unfail-
ing homes. It will enable us to appeal forcibly to the
settlers of the new States for protection to the exposed
Industry of their Atlantic brethren, by whom they
have been dealt with generously. It will be a recog-
nition of the mutuality of interest between the East
and the West which can not fail of its reward.

As to the National revenue, the Public lands now
supply about a twentieth part of it, leaving the residue
due to be raised almost wholly by duties on Imports.
Even without a change of the Tariff, half a million new
cabins on the prairies or in the forests of the West,
would contribute vastly more to the revenue than all
that is now derived from sales of Public lands. The
treasury can make more by giving the lands away in
limited allotments than by selling them in unlimited
quantities at ten shillings per acre, and this fact alone
ought to ensure the passage of the Homestead bill.

That there would be landless people in the old States
in spite of free lands, we know; just as there are
probably some toilers left in Maine notwithstanding the
inhibition of the Liquor traffic. But let it be

known that all the Public lands are open to settle-
ment without charge, while the cost, in time and
money, of transportation Westward is constantly de-
creasing, and there would very soon be a current of
emigration from the cities and older States to the free
lands which could not fail to stiffen wages and dimin-
ish the disproportion between Labor and the demand
for it all over the Atlantic slope. Every thousand
hardy, efficient workers who floated West to locate on
free lands would leave places open for as many others;
and these, taking a step upward, would leave room
for the advancement of as many more, and so on.
Even to those workers who will never migrate, free
land at the West would be a great and lasting benefit.
—Tribune.

Magnetic Discovery.

A remarkable magnetic discovery has just been
made public in England, by Mr. Butler, a scientific
gentleman of Brighton. A medical gentleman of this
city has favored us with the subjoined interesting ac-
count:

"By means of an electrical machine of great deli-
cacy, which is styled the Magnetoscope, Mr. Butler is
not only able to demonstrate the polarization of our
bodies and those parts where the North and the South
poles are situated, but likewise the alterations which
take place from change of position, from the vertical
and sitting positions to the recumbent, as also those
which take place from other circumstances. He is
also able to demonstrate most clearly the difference
between male and female currents, and that the latter
are generally in inverted or antagonistic states to
those of man; also, that certain positions of the arms
and hands arrest the effects of these currents upon the
instrument. Dead animal matter, brought into con-
tact with the hand of the operator, or with any per-
son, or any number of persons forming a chain by
holding one another by the hand, the end nearest the
operator holding his hand, and the dead matter being
put into the hand of the person most remote from him,
almost immediately stops the movements produced on
the instrument by the electric current.

"Mr. Butler has, it seems, carried the discoveries still
farther: for he has ascertained, and is able to prove
most unerringly, that mucous matter, whether animal
or vegetable effluvia, or mineral or vegetable poisons, in
fact, all substances capable of producing death, have
the same power of stopping the action of the instru-
ment. Numerous experiments have been performed
in the presence of some hundreds of lay and profes-
sional gentlemen with the most convincing results.—
Drs. Quinn and Madden, homoeopathic practitioners
of London, were present at most of the experiments,
and were permitted by Mr. Butler to test the effect of
the Hahnemannian attenuated drugs, both mineral
and vegetable, upon the instrument, with a result
that astonished all present. The experiments were
made upon some fifty drugs in their crude forms as
well as in the various attenuations from the third up
to the eighth hundredth. All the known deadly poi-
sons, hydrocyanic acid, opium, nux vomica, stramon-
ium, digitalis, invariably stopped the motion of the
pendulum."—New York Recorder.

Curiosities of Sleep.

Some boys slept, from fatigue, on board of Nelson's
ship at the battle of the Nile. Among the impressive
incidents of Sir John Moore's disastrous retreat to
Corunna, in Spain, not the least striking is the record-
ed fact that many of his soldiers steadily pursued their
march while fast asleep. Burdach, however, affirms,
that this is not uncommon among soldiers. Franklin
slept nearly an hour swimming on his back. An ac-
quaintance of Dr. D., traveling with a party in North
Carolina, being greatly fatigued, was observed to be
sound asleep in his saddle. His horse, being a better
walker, went far in advance of the rest. On crossing
a hill, they found him on the ground, snoring quietly.
His horse had fallen, as was evident from his broken
knees, and had thrown his rider on his head on a hard
surface, without waking him.

Animals of the lower order obey peculiar laws in
regard to sleep. Fish are said to sleep soundly; and
we are told by Aristotle, that the tench may be taken
in this state, if approached cautiously. Many birds
and beasts of prey take their repose in the day time.
When kept in captivity, this habit undergoes a change,
which makes us doubt whether it was not the result
of necessity which demanded that they should take
advantage of the darkness, silence, and the unguarded
state of their victims. In the menagerie at Paris,
even the hyena sleeps at night and is awake all day.
They all, however, seek, as favoring the purpose, a
certain degree of seclusion and shade, with the exception
of the lion, who, Burdach informs us, sleep at noon-
day, in the open plain—and the eagle and the condor,
which poise themselves on the most elevated
pinnacle of rock in the clear, blue atmosphere and
dazzling sunlight. Birds, however, are furnished
with the nictitating membrane generally, to shelter
the eye from light. Fish prefer to retire to sleep un-
der the shadow of a rock, or woody bank. Of domestic
animals, the horse seems to require less sleep, and
that he usually takes in the erect posture.

ON ATHEISM.—"I had rather," says Sir FRANCIS
BACON, "believe all the fables of the Talmud, and the
Koran, than that this universal frame is without a
mind. God never wrought miracles to convince athe-
ists, because his ordinary works are sufficient to con-
vince them. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth
men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy
bringeth them back to religion; for while the
mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered,
it may sometimes rest on them and go no further; but
when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and
linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and
Deity."

GREAT CURIOSITY.—A Miss Honeywell is exhibit-
ing herself in Rochester, who was born entirely desti-
tute of arms, cuts profiles with scissors, performs em-
broidery in a most skillful and elegant manner, writes
the Lord's prayer within the circumference of a dime,
threads the finest needles, draws, &c., &c. She is
certainly a most remarkable person, and her perfor-
mances are almost incredible.—Herkimer Co. Dem.

LESSING, the German philosopher, being re-
markably absent-minded, knocked at his own door
one evening, when the servant, looking out of the
window, and not recognizing him, said: "The profes-
sor is not at home." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing,
composedly walking away, "I shall call another time."

Summary of Intelligence.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 5, 1852.

Singular Discovery.

For some time past, workmen have been engaged in
removing the rock on the southern side of Meeting
House Hill, Dorchester. On Thursday afternoon last,
a very severe blast was made in the solid rock, throw-
ing fragments in every direction, and dislodging pieces
of two tons weight. Immediately after the explosion,
among the fragments thrown out, was found a piece
of thin metal, and near by another piece very similar,
which, on being applied to the first, was found to fit
exactly, forming a bell shaped vessel, four and a half
inches high, two and a half inches wide at the top,
and six and a half inches wide at the base.

It was about one-eighth of an inch thick, and con-
structed of a metallic composition, of which silver
seems to form a part. On the top is a hole about an
inch and a half in diameter, where, apparently, a
handle has been broken off. In a line with this hole
is another at the bottom, which has been covered with
a plating resembling lead. The inside of the vessel is
corroded, the outside is entirely free from rust. On
the outer surface is carved, in a beautiful manner,
several wreaths of flowers and other fanciful designs.
The carving was apparently made with a graver or
chisel, and is heavily inlaid with pure silver. When
new, it must have presented a beautiful appearance
and been highly valuable.

The whole vessel is decidedly unique, nothing of the
kind ever having been seen in this part of the country.
Various conjectures as to its origin are given by sci-
entific gentlemen, to whom it has been submitted.
There is little doubt that it was thrown out by the
blast, if so, it must have been embedded in solid pud-
ding-stone, fifteen feet from the surface of the ground.
If such is the case, it is impossible to divine its origin.
Whether it was placed in the ground before the rock
was formed, or thrown into its position by a volcanic
eruption, is a matter of conjecture. The vessel is now
in the hands of John Kettell, and will probably be
submitted to the hands of persons competent to judge
of such matters.—Traveler.

Muscular Power and Motion.

Man has the power of imitating almost every motion
but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in matu-
rity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his
thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and
sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles.
His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute,
and therefore 3,840 in an hour, and 92,160 in a day.
There are also three complete circulations of his blood
in the short space of an hour. In respect to the com-
parative speed of animated beings and of impelled
bodies, it may be remarked that size and construction
seem to have little influence, nor has comparative
strength, though one body giving any quantity
of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own.
The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it
it can travel only fifty paces in a day; a worm crawls
only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can
fly twenty million times its own length in less than an
hour. And elk can run a mile and a half in seven
minutes; an antelope a mile a minute; the wild mule
of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an
eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour; and a can-
ary falcon can even reach 250 leagues in the short
space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty
miles an hour; sound, 1,142 English feet in a second.
—Bucke.

Curious Facts.

Bees are geometricians. The cells are so construc-
ted as, with the least quantity of material to have the
largest sized space, and least possible interstice. The
mole is a meteorologist. The bird called the nine-
killer is an arithmetician, as also the crow, the wild
turkey and some other birds. The torpedo, the elec-
tric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator.
He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor,
and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of
birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect,
builder, and wood-cutter. He cuts down trees, and
erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engi-
neer. He does not only construct houses, but builds
aqueducts to keep them dry. The white ants main-
tain a regular army of soldiers. Caterpillars are
silk-spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a
chip or a bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he
crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves and many others are
hunters. The black bear, and heron are fishermen.
The ants have regular day laborers. And the mon-
key is a rope dancer.

A LUSUS NATURÆ.—We saw, last week, a strange
phenomenon in the human form. It was born of a
negro woman. It is a male, fourteen years of age, is
thirty-seven and a half inches in height, and weighs
twenty-seven pounds. His head is small in propor-
tion to his face, and recedes to a point, much after the
manner of a small ended egg. He has no intelligence
more than what is common to a brute creation, can
not speak a word, yet will recognize the call of his
name, which is "Squire." Walks on his hands and
feet like a quadruped; sits like a tailor; and when he
sleeps sits in this position with his head in his lap.
He lives on the ordinary human diet, but has to be fed
like a child. His owner intends exhibiting him in the
southern and western states.—Charlotte (N. C.)
Whig.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT NINEVAH.—Private letters
from Ninevah state that Colonel Rowlinson, who is
now conducting the excavations abandoned by Mr.
Layard "has opened out the entire place of sepulture
of the kings and queens of Assyria." "There they
lie," we are told, "in huge stone sarcophagi, with
pandorous lids, just as they were deposited more than
3,000 years ago."

DOG MATISM.—The Albany Knickerbocker boasts
that it has in its office, a dog that will beat any dog
in the State for natural sagacity. It belongs to one
of the carriers, which it accompanies in his round of
delivery of about six hundred subscribers. The carrier
fell sick, but said his dog would do his duty, and
sure enough it did. A boy carrying the papers fol-
lowed the dog, which stopped and wagged his tail at
the house of every subscriber, never missing one of the
whole six hundred. At the door of all subscribers
who had not paid for their papers for a length of time,
the dog was heard to howl!

ALLEGED DISCOVERY.—Some attention has been
excited by the alleged discovery, by an engineer of
some celebrity, named Andraud, of some means of
seeing air. If, he says, you take a piece of card, col-
ored black, of the size of the eye, and pierce with a
fine needle a hole in the middle, you will, on looking
through the hole at a clear sky, or a lighted lamp, see
a multitude of molecules floating about, which mole-
cules constitute the air. We shall see whether the
theory will obtain the sanction of the Academy of
Science, to which it has been submitted.—Literary
Gazette.

PHENOMENON.—On Sunday, Waynesburg was visit-
ed by one of the late celebrated cloudless rains. This
phenomenon was witnessed not only by us, but by several
others, of our most respectable citizens. At the time
of the falling of the shower, there was not a cloud
perceptible above the horizon. We are gratified to
know that if Waynesburg has no "spirit-rappers,"
she is not entirely destitute of the marvellous things
of this world.—Waynesburg Messenger.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discus-
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ions upon any one, but simply to suggest inqui-
ries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves.
We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect
an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will
strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tol-
erate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing
no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of
offense. It shall be free indeed—free as the utter-
ances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as
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